

Picture. M. I. spoke Sun. others again were forced to

DEVOTED TO PROGRESSIVE RELIGIOUS



AND SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT



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HIAWATHA.

Strange History of Longfellow's Hero

HE WAS NOT A MYTH BUT A REAL MAN.

The Story as Told by an Onondaga Indian.

HIAWATHA, child of the West Wind and of the beautiful Wenonah, STORY TOLD BY OLD CHIEF. To trace this story to the point of grandson of old Nokomis' suitor for possible fact was the ambition of Dr. the hand of Laughing Water, and, in Heming in his visit to the Onondaga after life, the ruler of his people, has gas, and in the person of the old been declared to be a living entity, chief Daniel LaFort, he found one. His miraculous birth is not accepted; of the enthusiasts of tribal history, he may not have fasted and wrestled with Mondamin, as Longfellow has told in his heroic poem; he may not have been translated in the flesh, as the Indian traditions have had it. But Dr. Charles L. Henning of Chicago, living among the Onondagas on their reservation in New York and hearing the story of Hiawatha from the lips of the old chief, Daniel LaFort, head of the tribe of Onondagas and also chief of the Six Nations, has come home to say that the Hiawatha so long considered a myth is a reality.

"Summing up the views I obtained from the facts communicated to me by LaFort," he says, "I suggest that Hiawatha was not a mythical being, but a man of flesh and blood who lived toward the end of the sixteenth century and who was the founder of the confederacy of the Five Nations."

Dr. Henning, who has made these investigations, is a German having a degree from a German university. He has made a specialty of ethnology and archaeology, traveling in Egypt and Arabia, and in the dark continent as a member of the Berlin and Paris Ethnological societies. His home is at 207½ North Ashland avenue,

described as "three huge quartos, digested, and without any index. He began writing 'Hiawatha' on June 25, 1854, taking as the name of his hero, 'Manabotho'; this soon was changed to the more euphonious title of 'Hiawatha,' and it is by this name—unknown to Indian tongue when the poet began his poem—that Dr. Henning has traced the history of the founder of the Five Nation. The poem was completed on May 29, 1855, and was published on November 10, making a favorite in literary circles and establishing its popularity from the first.

"It is doubtful if the poet wrote any of his longer works with more abandonment, with more thorough enjoyment of his task, with a keen sense of the significance of his venture, and, by consequence, with more perplexity when he thought of his readers," wrote one of his critics. "He tried the poem on his friends more freely than had been customary with him and with varied results. His own mind as he recited the test publication, waxed a little in it moods.

"It is not so soon was the poem published than its popularity was assured. It was subject to the severest tests. It was read by public orators in large audiences and few were left who set to music Stomp and sing at the Boston Opera, and, after many readings, the critic of the *New York Tribune* declared it was probably the best poem ever written.

"This is the poem as indicated by the poet:

Let the winds of nature
Lose the shadow of the meadow,
Let the wind among the branches
And the storm, and the snow
And the rushing of great rivers
Through the palaces of pine trees
And the thunder in the mountains
Whose immovable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;
Listen to these wild traditions,

traveled abroad and with the meeting of some of the "principal" men of the tribes, it was decided that a council should be called, at which the man Hiawatha should be invited. Only a verbal invitation was extended—one of the discourtesies of the Indian etiquette of the time—and not until the Wampum belt, with the stick attached, upon which was the place of meeting carved, had been received, did Hiawatha go to the council. This convention was held on the land of the Oneidas. There the Five Nations were enlisted in the move to unite, and the final council was held on the present site of Syracuse, where Warren and Tennessee streets now intersect. And here it was decided that the wampum of the confederacy of the Five Nations should thereafter be made of bones instead of the short lived shells.

With the Five Nations in a confederacy, Hiawatha laid down the law that over the nations should be a head man. "And he shall have a throne, and his throne shall be set close to an elm tree, the roots of which shall spread out from north to south, from east to west, and the top of the tree shall reach unto heaven." The law for the succession of chief was outlined, the formalities of the conference meeting of tribes being drawn according to the strictest sense of the proprieties, and the choice of the new chief left first to the older members of the assembly, which was composed of the individual tribes, sitting en masse.

HIAWATHA'S FAREWELL.

"Leaving to his people a form of government that he deemed should last to the end of time, Hiawatha dispelled all the magical monsters from the woods and the streams and the lakes; then, rowing in his white canoe through Oneida lake, Cayuga lake, and Seneca lake, he drew his canoe to shore close to the spot where Syracuse now stands. Here he bade farewell to his tribe, and, as his white canoe rode in the sun, it paused

CHURCH PROPERTY SHOULD BE TAXED
So says Rev. Madison C. Peters in the *American Review*.

The general theory of all just taxation is reciprocal service. Judge Cooley says, "The protection of the government being the consideration for which taxes are demanded, all parties who receive, or are entitled to, that protection, may be called upon to render the equivalent." It costs the community something to enjoy the use of property. If the church paid taxes it would pay its fair and honest share to secure its enjoyment of the use of the property.

Church property is not exempt from taxation. The taxes have to be paid, and the property that is exempt or rather omitted from the tax bill is simply spread upon the other property. Everybody's tax goes up at least one-tenth. The American people would rise up in rebellion against direct taxation for church support, but what is exemption from taxation but an indirect state support of the church, a virtual subsidy for its support, and at the expense of the general public? The state avoids deficiency in its revenues by transferring to other property increased taxation, not by the voluntary action of the tax-payer, but by the compulsion of the law.

The founders of our republic wisely separated church and state. But if we are taxed for the support of churches it cannot justly be said that church and state are separated. Benjamin Franklin said: "When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself, and when it cannot support itself, and God does not take care to support it, so its professors are obliged to call for help from the civil power, it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one." The churches enjoy no immunity from the operations of the laws of God. They place roofs over their buildings,

LILY DALE NEWS.

Lily Dale has been between the great storms of the East and the West that have occurred the past week and outside of a couple of days of cold weather, the thermometer being 43 one morning, we have had no better or worse weather than usual. It seems we have been just between the two belts of storms this season, but just where we got the rain of all.

Word received from Mrs. Duff states that she arrived in Baltimore in good condition and feeling better than she did when she left here. Mrs. Duff has been sick nearly all summer.

Mrs. McKerrow, Mrs. F. Corden White's mother, has returned to her home at Arcade. Mr. and Mrs. White accompanied her and remained a few days returning the 17th.

Mrs. Mary Todd has gone to Randolph for a few days.

Mrs. Mulhauser has returned to Cleveland, O., after spending a good part of the season here. She has made extensive repairs to her cottage on Cleveland avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Steinbach have returned to Philadelphia. We understand they have secured a cottage for next season and expect to spend considerable time here.

B. F. Hastings, formerly of New York City, has bought the Carver place about a block south of the Leodlyn woods, and will return to New York and ship their household goods here and make it their permanent home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Normann have returned to their home in Minneapolis, Minn., where they spend the winters. They report a most successful season here.

Mary Jones and Mrs. Buss have returned to their home in Conneaut, Ohio.

The Leodlyn still has a number of guests among them being Captain and Mrs. Borthwick, who have been here since early in the spring. They expect to go to Europe in a few weeks.

F. L. Griswold took a business trip to Fredonia and Dunkirk.

C. F. Short, a New York Spiritualist, spent a few weeks here exploiting several inventions he has developed. We believe he sold some territory. A novel invention he had was one to hold windows in any position and another to keep doors partly open. He stopped at Shady Side while here.

The people are hard pressed for amusements since the session closed. Woods Meetings have been held quite regularly and a card party on last Monday evening helped to while away the time. Miss Danforth has held a class in Palmistry at her cottage, and Madame Mayer has been teaching Astrology at Mrs. Huff's cottage.

The younger generation find comfort at the dances at Lily Dale Park Pavilion every Wednesday evening, and at Cassadaga every Saturday evening.

Mrs. Craig has been enjoying a visit from her son whose home is in Texas.

The check of some girls is fearful to contemplate. A young lady poked her nose through a pane of glass in Dayton & Hall's store one day last week. Young men—take warning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Turner, of THE SUNFLOWER force, are spending a couple of weeks visiting Mrs. Turner's relatives in West Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Clark, (nee Isabel Patterson Bates) arrived home from New York City where their wedding took place, and are occupying the Grasswood cottage, which Mrs. Clark had engaged for the season. The best wishes of THE SUNFLOWER go with them on their life's journey.

D. T. Harris is building a barn across the road from his old place on the Cassadaga road which he sold last year to A. S. Cooper.

Leo Manger spent a day on the grounds setting up his summer's business.

OBITUARY.

The readers of THE SUNFLOWER will be pained to hear of the sudden transition of Mrs. Lydia Thompson, of Conneaut, O., mother of Mrs. Rose E. Bliss. Mrs. Thompson visited Lily Dale the first four weeks of camp and Mrs. Bliss returned home after camp closed staying there the entire season. Our sister will be greatly missed by the society as she was ever ready to lend a helping hand at any and all times. Those who knew her most loved her best.

Mary Jones.

The Ice House Burned.

About 1:30 a.m. Sunday, an alarm of fire was sounded and it was found that the large ice house on the west shore of the upper lake, was in flames. It was a large structure and made an imposing sight as the flames made their way through the dry wood. Quite a few of the tools were saved but the building and the heavy tools and machinery was a total loss. Mr. W. L. Markham, the owner, was reached in Buffalo by telephone, but we are unable to learn the amount of the loss or the insurance. There was still a large quantity of ice in the building, some of which will be suitable for use. For a time it was feared there might be danger to the buildings on the Skidmore farm, but the wind was favorable and the ice house alone was destroyed. Trains were not delayed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Wedding Bells.

Jacob C. Scheu, proprietor of the Iroquois Hotel, and Miss Susie Thomas were married in Buffalo last week. Particulars later.

Mrs. Barton at Binghamton, N. Y.

On Sunday evening last it was our privilege, pleasure, and to our edification to listen to an address by Mrs. Barton, Missionary of the State Association, and her guide. We wish to say to you and through your paper to all interested in the study of the most important, the most marvelous question that can engage the attention of intelligent and morally responsible beings that the State Association especially and rational enlightened and philosophical Spiritualists generally have in Mrs. Barton a qualified representative, and the science of life a sincere, intelligent and forceful exponent and advocate.

The subject of the discourse, suggested by the audience was: "The Condition of the Discarnate Immediately After the Incident Called Death." For an hour the controlling intelligence held the closest attention in an exposition wanting nothing in logic, aptness of illustration, felicity of expression or profundity. The medium's susceptibility to the requirements of a control so forceful, demanding endurance, energies and powers not her own, are phases of her mediumship that deeply impress the student of psychic phenomena and call for more sympathy, consideration and support than they always receive.

We hope the time is near when Spiritualism, as presented in this address will interest more friends; stimulate deeper research; promote wider inquiry and attract larger audiences than the more spectacular physical aspects of the phenomena.

After the address, Mrs. Barton and her guides, occupied an hour identifying many invisible ones to friends on this plane. So far as we could observe all were convinced of the actual presence of those whose names were given and whose forms and characteristics were described.

In reflecting mental states and bodily conditions of those in the unseen who sought recognition there was that which was entertaining, witty and humorous, yet, fidelity to accuracy and truthfulness was as unmistakable as in the address.

Signed—George S. Perry, Mrs. L. Clark, L. Clark, Mrs. H. H. Harris, Mrs. W. W. St. John, W. W. St. John, C. B. Treadway, Hattie Foster, W. H. Leland, I. Malthum, Mrs. Lang, Mattie Hiff, Mrs. J. M. Signor, Mrs. Lucy Knibbs, Mrs. G. S. Perry, J. M. Signor.

SEED THOUGHTS.

A TRUTHFUL PARABLE.

A noted divine sat in his study deeply absorbed in preparation to vanquish the Higher Criticism forever.

The door opened and his little daughter, a flaxen haired girl of seven entered. She artlessly inquired:

"Papa, if Doctor — lived in the days of John Calvin would they burn him as they did Michael Servetus?"

"Don't know, dear, but why do you ask?"

"Cause." She smiled slightly, then frowned, then a look of wonder with some expression of pain, and she turned to withdraw. "What is the matter—why do you frown, my child?" he inquired.

She said the room seemed so close, and "I saw a faint blue mist or smoke in the air and I was afraid."

Mary Jones.

"But the window is open, the air is very pure, and the sun is shining brightly."

"I don't know what it is, dear Father, but I was frightened and could not breathe easily at first and you looked so strange. But it is a right now. Good bye, papa."

The door closed. "Very curious, thought the divine. "I wonder what it was? She seems a nervous child."

Preceded by a shaft of great light a presence strange and remarkable the man now appeared before him. The spirit spoke as follows: "I your child's face and fear there is lesson for you. For the moment the little child had insight. She saw in the atmosphere of the room realities of motive of tendency an character, all created by your own personality. Your ethics teach the invisible in the real world—here the forces of nature hide. In this room are mightiest energies—here is electricity, the air fills this room, the pressure of gravitation is here, spirit is here, you are spirit."

"What you think, what you desire, what you are, all these forces that reveal themselves to sensitive soul in lights, shadows, tints and color pressures, repulsions and attraction. The slightest force of unconscious influence that goes out from personality is the result of the ruling force of character, and this force is infinite creative spirit individualized in mankind."

"What you are, therefore, always making itself felt. The personal ambition, the unworthy desires, ungenerous motives, burdens and color your atmosphere. Sensitive natures detect it, may be influenced by it, helped, hurt, weakened, or strengthened by it. We do not always judge ourselves aright, but what we are in the center of our souls determines the quality and measure of our personal influence."

"Touches, currents of power a going forth perpetually from every personality—from the center a root and reality of our life. These are the forces we create and they are for weal or woe—it is for us to choose."

"Is it not a serious thought, we are continually making power, letting loose forces in the universe that may or may not weaken or strengthen, tear down or build up—creating mind currents of influence that shall remain active for ever?"

As the angel left the creed-bound man trembled for he remembered how selfish had been his life. He thought of the unworthy things he had spoken, wrought out in deeds and habits, and now he grieved that his little child should feel the influence of his innermost secret character, though she could not know anything about the cause, about the momentary repulsion felt by her.

The strong man, broken up, thus bowed in humble contrition a long time. But he had seated himself again at his desk, as the door opened softly and his child came in, with a sweet smile on her face, she said, cheerfully, "How bright this room is, papa. The air is as if lilies and roses had been blooming here."

The illumined father drew his child to his arms, kissed her tenderly, and while tears filled his eyes—tears of joy—he silently thanked God for his happy, though necessary lesson.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, gratefully, "this divine personality within even the humblest creates an atmosphere a redemptive power full of holy influence."

ON THE SUBJECT OF PARABLES TO BE THIS.

A little maple seed shaken from its parent bough went circling through the air and was wafted to a place where an old mill had formerly stood. The mill stone was lying on the ground and the little seed fell into the center of it among the tall, tangled grass which grew there. Finding a resting place it began to grow and even the dark stone shielded it from the bleak winds as they swept by. It grew and became a beautiful tree, with waving branches; and in after years its trunk grew so large it filled the entire cavity in the stone, and then it could grow no larger where the stone surrounded it, but it began to spread over the top of it, and it seemed as if shamed of its place where it was growing and was trying to hide it.

It grew larger also under the stone and by the silent, mighty power of life it actually raised the stone from the ground, but the poor tree was deformed and languished.

It grew larger also under the stone and by the silent, mighty power of life it actually raised the stone from the ground, but the poor tree was deformed and languished.

Also, how like too many ecclesiastic

whose creeds, like the hole in the mill stone, surrounded by the hard, progress-choking stones of theological dogma, unique tradition, who though they think for a while they are protected, but, ah, woe, woe, when larger grown to fill out the full measure of their creed, if they have not courage or strength to break the old stone, they must suffer deformity, distortion of spirit. Even should they be able to lift the creed a little higher, what a load they must continue to carry. How well the old seer saw it in the homely figure: "The bed is shorter than the man." He that hath ears to hear let him hear. The truth will make you free, and made free by truth, you are free indeed. When men are rightly occupied their amusement grows out of their work; as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower.

SUNSHINE.

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METAPHYSICAL.

Conducted by EVIE P. BACH.

RISE ABOVE IT.

Why become a slave to chance?
Why be crushed by circumstance?
Rise above it and advance
Over all adversity.
You're a king and can create
For yourself your own estate;
You are master of your fate;
You are free.

All of this is ancient lore,
Often has been said before,
But I'll tell it o'er and o'er,
Sing it to the heart of youth.
How ever long 'tis told,
This lesson never old,
First bears a thread of gold—
It is truth.

Rise above the petty things
That would bind your spirit wings;
Hear the inner voice that sings
Songs of beauty all the while.
Drive the demon of despair
From your heart; and, free and fair,
Meet the clouds of grief and care
With a smile.

Circumstances make us not;
Leave substance to be wrought
In the workshop of our thought;
We can mould it as we will.
All the hardships that affright,
I've brave them take their flight;
There are tests to try our might
And our skill.

Dare to buffet about
Betwixt things that lie without;
Be not ruled by fear and doubt.
Dare to worship toward the dawn;
Dare to believe in truth and right;
Dare to seek the higher light;
And the wisdom infinite
Follow on.

State of calumny and threat,
Dare to have a purpose set,
Keep it; and do not forget
You are monarch of your own.
Dare pursue against the stream,
Your ideal and your dream.
Keep your soul a king supreme
On his throne.

J. A. Edgerton.

ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA OF GETTING THERE.

Where?
In that region of infinite space do these seekers for happiness expect to find it?

Behold them going up and down the earth asking of every traveler they meet: "Which is the path? Am I getting there?"

Self-made aliens all of them. Looking for something that they expect to find outside of themselves, apart from their homes and all present environments.

"If I could only get there."

Where?
"Into the kingdom of peace and harmony. I read, I study, I listen, I seek with all my soul for the truth that shall make me free, and yet my prayers are not answered. I cannot get there."

Think of it. They are there all the time and do not know it. There is no other place where they can possibly be. Truth is all there is, and there is no change in truth. It is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent. It cannot be sought; it cannot be found. It is. When you are after it you take it with you. Do not strive to run away from it; it is still yours.

Lies cannot shake it, not despair reveal it. It can neither be threatened nor coaxed. It is your very impost self—your divine non-understood ego.

"The truth shall make you free"—that is, the perception of the truth shall strike off the shackles of illusion. You have never been anything but the truth. Every fetter that binds you has been fastened by yourself. No one in the universe has the slightest power over you unless you choose to endow them with such influence. Even then they have not. It is only your own belief that keeps you bound.

There is but one way to "get there." "Getting there" is simply knowing that you are there. That way is at the door of silence. Stop hunting for what you already possess and sit down in the quietude with yourself. It makes no difference how humble the place, God

the Truth—is not confined to church or drawing-room. Truth knows no high or low, rich or poor, educated or ignorant. There is just as much of God in the little kitchen beside the tiny cook stove as in the palaces of kings.

"More," some one may say.
No—no more, no less—God is invisibility. You cannot cut him to fit the spot. He is there and you are there because it is impossible for either or one to be anywhere else.

You can hew and hack and divide and divide other things that are material, but spirit is forever one and the same, and you are spirit. You never were nor never will be anything else, though you may constantly flaunt your sin and your shame before your eyes. Become acquainted with the real of yourself and the external sins which you so much deplore will drop from you like leaves drop from the tree.

You are not getting there; you are there. You have never been anywhere else. For there is no territory outside of Truth.

You talk very learnedly about development and growth and evolution. You, the real you, have never grown. The so-called law of evolution cannot apply to spirit. Spirit cannot develop. Spirit cannot grow. There is no evolution possible to what is. You may learn to speak and put sentences together; learn a trade or a profession; but these are intellectual processes and generally quite apart from the spirit. This is what makes study a labor and a degradation. The intellect is not consciously founded upon the rock of principle. It is not aware of its dynamo. So the work that should be an inspiration destroys the worker.

Spirit is spontaneity. There is no stint and no limits in spirit.

Spirit once recognized does the business. Acquirements once met fall as naturally and easily upon the mind as the dew of morning upon the earth. A knowledge of Truth brings everything to you; you at this moment are in the very heart of Truth, which is spirit, and all the good there is. It is simply your ignorance concerning your great possessions that keeps you so fatigued and restless; so poor and sorrowful.

You own all things and you are a beggar.

Health and happiness are yours, and yet you travel to distant countries in pursuit of them.

To be alone with God men seek the fastnesses of the mountains, forsaking kindred and ignoring the mostunities. They welcome poverty and starvation. They skeletonize and crumble. What is the use? Do they find him?

Truth means enough—wholeness. There is no truth in poverty.

God is riches. Recognize the illness of Truth, and poverty, which has no foundation in spirit, is known to more.

It will not avail to seek the golden layas or woo rosy crosses for the nectar that feeds and satisfies.

The study of the occult sciences may pique the curiosity and stir the imagination, but without realization of Truth as a foundation all lore is worse than useless. It evokes distract because wobbly and disconnected. Unite it with its source, and you have a rich feast.

The kingdom of heaven is the kingdom of realization. "Seek first the kingdom of realization which abideth in you and everything else shall be added."

There was a woman who suffered most painfully. Shame, because of this infirmity kept her lips closed most of the time, and she became sullen and almost vindictive.

Thoughts of suicide filled her mind, and her relatives were so alarmed at her condition that they watched her constantly. The seclusion was most distressing, and things grew worse and worse.

One day her minister called, and among other things said to her:

"Mary, did you know that I had given you dominion over all things, among them your tongue and the muscles of your lips and fingers—I mean that you are the mistress of yourself, and that you can speak the word as well as command it."

A flash of intelligence passed over the weary face. Such a thing had never occurred to her in any previous

sense, just as it never dawned upon the majority of our readers. How strange that it should be the last thing to enter our consciousness; that we were not obliged to run after dominion because it was conferred upon us.

This was what Mary answered: "I never thought till this moment" and there was no hesitation in her speech.

This was the "twinkling translation." Occasionally he stammering baby would assert himself, but Mary knew her power and conquered.

Believing the creed of this blessed minister, he was a good mental scientist.

Man never is but always to be seen." Said Paul. Not one in ten thousand has a glimmer of an idea how to make a given a divine estate, and given absolute freedom, real knowledge that he did not have to give his privileges, or buy by hard work and discipline his title to life here and hereafter.

There is only one question of any great consequence before the world, and that is the question of development. Fifteen minutes of real development would untie all the knots in evolution.

What talk about evolution and development is useless. There is no time for that. It is a waste of time to consider what will be done in development or how to develop.

Development was a true statement made by Burrell after what he quotes this hunting for

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THE FREEDOM OF TRUTH.

J. FRAZIER WILLITS.

Let Truth ever on the towering heights,
Be firmly placed and strongly set her feet;
Upon the neck of pulsing myth and sordid lights,
And stem the tide, where doubtful torrents meet.

Let her in untrammeled freedom e'er rejoice,
And store the richest jewels in lib'ral mind,
Full let the notes of her clear and mighty voice,
Come swelling on the tide of healing wind.

Let her telling notes sweep o'er the mound and field,
To mingle with the strong of freedom's race;
Oh! let the truth of greater things revealed,
Shine from her lovely, earnest face.

Thou mother of those greater, stronger works,
That from her altar high, shine down.
Who, Colossus like, stand between the murky forks,
And guard the stream of Truth with knowledge's shining crown.

The addled eyes of myth, downcast in gaze of truth,
While wisdom crowns the car of coming years,
There let thy smiles be found the sweetness of eternal youth,
Which dyes the surging tide of earth-bound tears.

Oh! that Truth's fair form may ever towering shine,
Upon our earthly hours, with heaven-born dreams,
Turning the empty void, with touch divine,
And sweeping falsehood from progress' murky streams.
Canton, O.

IN THE REALMS OF LIGHT.

Infinitely varied are the workings of the human mind, and the scope thereof is immeasurable. The lofty heights are touched by the artist, and the filth of the ages lurks in the word-picture of the depraved.

Let us shun this latter state as we would the effects of the scorpion. Let us lift all mankind by the sub-limits of life.

Let us open the inner vision of those whose sight has never been quickened.

Let us bring light and joy in the darkened homes, let us drive the shadows out and in their stead bring exceeding peace and the knowledge of eternal life.

Thus shall we be building that which shall endure forever.

Rough hew these structures, if you must, yet will the elements of them be enduring and point to the languishing the way to grander ideals and more real joys than past experiences had vouchsafed to them. Thus will you bring into your own lives grander concepts of life, and be better prepared to reach the higher vibrations of life and find yourself in tune with the advanced minds of the ages.

Behauh? where art thou? Not in a far-away walled city—not in some remote place far beyond the ken of men but here and now. When we have lifted ourselves into this higher ideal of life; when we have learned to open the windows of the soul and let in the radiance of Divine light, and love, and shed abroad that light in our daily walk and see its reflection in every eye we meet. Naught but this can so fill us with these blessings, can so round out and perfect our personality and fill all with the grace of true righteousness.

Some we find, have been so long shut out of this sunshine of love, as to be so stunted and warped, that the mind scarce can catch a glimmer of the light you faintly give, because of mental blindness. The awakening of such must be painfully slow, and the desired effect almost unattainable, yet is the effort rewarded, by the little you may accomplish and the effect produced on your own soul vibrations.

The calm uplifting influence which you so much desire, can be yours daily, ay, hourly, if you seek the inner sanctuary with unselfish mien and a desire to be led aright.

Train your mind to seek this attitude, and daily perceive yourself gaining the altitudes. When mankind shall fully understand these truths and profit by them, then will a grand stride have been made toward the desired millennium.

So few understand the vital importance to the soul of this daily interview with self; so few have been prompted to listen to the inner self, or strive to catch the gleam of heavenly light that might have been given, did you but strive to throw aside the barriers of old-time prejudices and lift yourself into the sunlight of God's beautiful day. This day is full of knowledge, wisdom, truth and love, that all should seek to share its blessings, for all should share of this boundless ocean of love.

In the realms of light are many friends and an innumerable host of earnest workers desirous of helping you to know and understand the Divine love, that you may be blest by the knowledge thereof, and be led into a grander concept of life and its illimitable possibilities and achievements.

This knowledge will enable you to more thoroughly understand the object of your own material existence, and the exigencies thereof.

Then would you be able to lift yourself above the common trivialities of your daily life, and while attending to all that goes to make the material life a joy, still work in the peaceful calm all may know when the spiritual perceptions are quickened, and the ideals of life are grandly beautiful.

The daily precept should be grace to bear the trials of the material life and thankfulness for all blessings, thus will your life flow in more even channels and the shadows lift, showing you the beauties of the universe.

The grumbler constantly gropes amid the shadows.

No gleam of light reveals to him a beauty.

No kind word reaches him for to him a kindness conceals a hidden weapon.

No music charms and elevates his soul, for discord jars upon his ear.

No child's innocent babble charms him, for the noisy beats torment him.

In short, life is one long continued torture to him. Alas, that such are the conditions in which some still strive after happiness. How rare a conception such a one has of happiness.

He shuts the door against all that might gladden his life, and laments his lot. This, my friend, should be a lesson to you. Let the joys of life drift in upon you from whatever source they may come. Give and receive of the sunshine of life freely and feel your soul expand and grow more beautiful, even as the unfolding bud bursts its bonds and reveals its hidden beauty. This sunshine of life consists mainly in "little deeds of kindness, little words of love," making our heaven here, and our heaven above. Petty immunities should be tabooed. The nagging so common at the present day, is another source of annoyance wholly un-called for and wholly void of real grace.

Why not give voice to the beautiful thoughts instead of repressing them and giving prominence to all other things which distract and pervert the minds of man.

In vain are these things urged upon the selfish boor, who thinks wholly of self-wrecking naught of other pleasures or comfort.

For such I would have you be the prayer, for they need your pity. Poor souls, they are in a wretched plight.

The self-abasement when the awakening comes is pitiable. Long, long years of exile, self-imposed, often precedes the entrance into the joys of the realms of eternal beauty. Oh, that such conditions might never be; and the pity of it stirs the heart so deep, that all unbidden many are striving to teach these truths to all mankind, that none may so far through ignorance concerning these things.

We wish all to walk in the light of these truths and be upright and kind. In the sight of all, feeling and knowing himself to be worthy of the highest that life has revealed to him, and inspired with the desire to claim and aspire to all the grandeur of the unseen. Revealed that still lies beyond his present limitations.

And when these boundaries have been reached the gates shall swing just a little wider, and a new zone of knowledge be revealed in which he may reap fruit fit for the soul to yet more remote regions.

The lessons are brought to you in

to those yet too weak in mental poise to glean for themselves. Thus we call these explorers, teachers, and much reverence is given them. In time this primitive work is fit for others to accomplish, while the grand forward march into these unknown lands of the blessed, is made by those whose work on the earth-plane and the adjacent homes, is over.

Friends of earth, will you join in this work of redemption? It is not enough that you know that all is well. Tell it to your neighbor, that he too may partake of your knowledge. Tell the erring ones that the shadows will encompass and shut out the joys of life, if they turn not aside from that which the still small voice whispers as warning. No eternity of woe is for any, but the blight of wasted time, and the pangs of regret sting the soul to madness.

While away these conditions you have been creating by ceasing to indulge in the degrading conditions, and find new joys in making of your life an ideal of beauty.

Mrs. F. A. PROSER.
Canton, N. Y.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Oh, weak and erring mortal.
Weep no more.
The light of truth is breaking
Down at your very door.

Open your eyes and see it;

Give ear to its gentle call;

It will lead you on in peace;

Whatever may befall.

"What is the truth?" you ask,

"Oh, tell the secret to me."

Then I may go rejoicing,

And all its beauties see."

You must follow the simple teachings

Of Christ, who, long ago

Taught unto his followers,

The spirit truth to know.

Then open the door the wider,

Let light and truth come in;

Angels are ready to help you.

The battle of life to win.

Then listen to their whisperings

Of love, advice and cheer.

Your closest and dearest loved ones

Are always ready and help you here.

Then let the longer, easier one

Teach you the shorter, harder one.

Then let the golden shore

beckon you, Mrs. S. R. K.

BUSINESS.

—ARTHUR P. MILTON.
"I dream satisfied by love" —proof

against hatred.

Breathing in breathing in spirit.

Loving in expression.

An mathematical death starts in

"singing" but it is killing by inches.

What we think hardest of it refused

and we appreciated in some measure if granted.

Love wins through love. Man

misses the same.

Truth loves created a truth.

Truth creates for such is casts.

Truth is suppressed, like the light

before an eclipse, becomes all the brighter when revealed.

Truth abhors trial or a humiliation

deserves for outside—soul-strength.

The "black eye" that does not

misses the the administrator by the

fist of judgment.

Abhored by egotism the practical

becomes impractical.

The prophet of the age is the

woman who is ignorant who is

of herself, and the Pharisee is he

who gives it, when presented.

With sympathy (love or sympathy

expressed above desire) and honesty

(the fear of offending one's own con-

science) man reaches the goal of his

destiny freed from the influences of

neither.

Truth is what we make it, reflecting

itself accordingly, whether as a

trial or a deception, a test or a

temptation, a dream or a storm real-

ity, a poem or a song.

Truth is prejudice estranged

by the unbearable truth it sorts to

abhor, and as a rejoinder

sympathy and loving are the pulse

beats of Divinity—sensitivity and

empathy, the first impulses of a man.

Sympathy and sympathy are the first

feeling of man unfolding it, and

giving justice the perfect states

that man can one with his

divine.

Truth is the animation and

expression of sympathy;

Truth is the datum of the

impartial, objective, or nothing

but the subjective.

Truth is the purest of all

truths.

Truth is the most

perfect of all truths.

The Sunflower
FOR THE
COMING SEASON.

As the Campmeetings are at a close, the people going home from their Summer Vacations, and the long winter evenings coming on, the question is, **How Shall we Spend the Winter?**

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**CHURCH PROPERTY
SHOULD BE TAXED.**

(Continued From First Page.)

and used to help pay the taxes on the church, in the use of which I derive all his internal traffic. If the church keeper is taxed to support my church in all fairness he ought to have something to say in its management. "No taxation without representation."

In 1850 the church property of the United States, which paid no tax, federal or state, amounted to \$87,000,000. In 1860 the amount had doubled. In 1870 it was \$365,181,877. The census of 1890 reported the value of church edifices, grounds on which they stand, and their furnishings, at \$680,687,106. This does not include parsonages, monasteries, convents, schools, etc. A conservative estimate of the value of all the church property of all denominations in this country is \$2,000,000,000.

In 1875, President Grant, in his message to congress on the subject of the separation of church and state said: "In 1900, without a check, it is safe to say that this church property, which pays no tax will reach a sum exceeding \$3,000,000,000. So vast a sum receiving all the protection of the government without bearing its proportion of the burdens and expenses of the same, will not be looked upon acquiescently by those who have to pay taxes. In a growing country, where real estate enhances so rapidly with time as in the United States, there is scarcely a limit to the wealth that may be acquired by corporations, religious or otherwise, if allowed to retain real estate without taxation."

Let us repeat, it is said to repeat itself, and the United States is on a fair way of reaching a condition which took place in England at one time, and in Italy, France, Spain, South Germany, Mexico, and some of the South and Central American republics. In these countries corporated religious wealth became so great that it crippled their nations, paralyzed industry, and created political and social ambitions which were only alleviated by wholesale confiscation. The taxation of church property is in the interest of American principles and in harmony with the experience of nations. Exemption is a relic of principles of church and state, inherited from the old world, and not yet eliminated from our political system.

To the Wisconsin Spiritualists.

Finally permit me to use the columns of your valuable paper in order that I may reach the many Spiritualists of Wisconsin, in the interest of Spiritualism in this State. The work this fall looks very encouraging, but it cannot be made successful as we wish without the hearty co-operation of all who are interested in the cause. I would like to hear from every Spiritualist or sympathizer who may happen to read these words.

Spiritualists, will you not show your interest in the work of organization by becoming personal members if you are not already one, or by renewing your membership if you have not done so this year? Furthermore, will you not write either myself or our worthy president, Rev. Nellie K. Baker, of Portage, Wis.? We want to hear from every locality where there are a few Spiritualists, or even one or two. If you want meetings, write us and tell us what you think can be done in your vicinity. We are striving to place the missionary work upon a substantial basis, and if you as Spiritualists are willing to meet us half way, we will succeed in placing the work of this State in better condition than it has yet been.

We have the greatest philosophy in the world. Let us show that we appreciate it by placing it before the people in the proper light. We can do it. No matter where you are, write me or sister Baker, or better still, write both of us. If you want to know anything of the objects of the State Association, we will be glad to give the information. Our State Association desires to reach every community in the State. Cannot you aid us in doing so? Don't mind if you can't do it all alone, write and tell us what you can do. Let us join hands all over the State for the advancement of Spiritualism and see how quickly we can rally to the work and go forward.

Every personal member gives financial and moral support. It is but a small thing, but of small things great ones are evolved. Do you want to see Spiritualism grow in Wisconsin? If you do, write, and do it now. We are determined to push the work to a footing that will command the respect of those outside of the ranks as well as those within. How much are you interested in the philosophy that comes as a consoling element in your life in times of sorrow? Do you care for it enough to spend one dollar a year in its support? If you do, will you not begin by sending in your application for membership now? You are not ashamed of the fact that you are a Spiritualist, are you? Then why stand back when you can do something to help the good work along?

If you want a visit from the Secretary or President, or any of the representatives of the State Association write us at once, as we are arranging our itinerary, and you will save time by writing soon.

Let us be up and doing for there is work that we must do. We have confidence in the Spiritualists of Wisconsin, and believe they will come forward in the good work. It is not tomorrow, but now is the time for cooperation.

Awaiting your cooperation and applications for membership, your donations to the good cause, and your applications for meetings, I am,

Yours for Spiritualism,
WILL J. ERWOOD.
Sec. W. S. A.

A Few Words About Mrs. Pardoe's Woodpile.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

To whom has been given the joy of service for a needy sister, your contributions add up to \$79.00, make it \$80.00. 379 is an unmanageable number. It cannot be divided into equal portions. No times anything makes seventy-nine. It sounds uncomfortable. Do make it eighty.

The woodpile has been ordered and when that is paid for the surplus money goes into the bank to be used during the coming winter for food and the comforts needed by our feeble, aged pensioner.

What a privilege is ours of ministering to the needs of our sister and brightening her passage to the sunlit shore of the Summerland, a journey which, lacking our loving aid, would be dismal and full of trials. Truly this is a blessed opportunity gauging ourselves by the Golden Rule of doing for others as we would be done by.

"The dead hold in their clenched hands only that which they have given away." Let us "go out" with "our arms over-running with the generous, loving thoughts, words and deeds we have bestowed on 'the other fellow.'" And angel friends will meet us, And God himself will greet us. And have old Gabriel seat us,

By the great white throne;

And the sick, the sad, the weary,

Whom we helped when life was dreary.

Will flock around us cheery,—

And claim us for their own.

And they'll lead us off to bowers

Bright and sweet with spirit flowers,

And tell us they are ours—

Crowns of victory we have won—

And we'll laugh and feel so funny,

For all that makes Heaven sunny,

It won't be things or money,

It's the GOOD that we have done.

Please pass around the hat, brother."

E. W. T.

Send contributions to Mrs. E. W. Tillinghast, Lily Dale, N. Y.

As a life of care is always a miserable one, so is it the greatest of all miseries to be perpetually employed upon other people's business; for to sleep, to drink at their house, to walk their pace, and to love and hate as they do, is the vilest of servitudes.—Seneca.

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